LOYAL AT LAST.

▲ Tale of Love and Adventure in the Late Civil War.

BY BERNARD BIGSBY, AUTHOR OF "ELLEN'S SECRET," "FALLEN AMONG THIEVES" "MY LADY FANTAS-TICAL," AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER 1.



HERE is no people on the surface of the earth more prone to lavish raptures on the beauties of other lands than the Americans. You, who have perchance raved over the Rhine, have probably but little conception of the glory of the River St. Clair, as it rolls majestically by the eastern shore of Michigan, crystal clear, a

mile wide, two hundred feet deep - a very epic poem written in water by Nature's At a bend in its course, half way between the two lakes it connects, stands a substantial farm-house surrounded by neat outbuildings and blossoming orchards. It is from

the latter feature that it inherits its name -the Orchard House. And in that pretty dwelling lives a family which has a history. When you look at the little summer-house in the garden, which was evidently once

the pilot-house of a steamer, and see the tall, tapering mast with the stars and stripes floating in the breeze, you are prepared to be told that it is the home of a sailor. A very old, weather-beaten hulk is Daniel Winthrop now, but in the year when my story opens, nearly three decades ago, he was

a hale, well-preserved man of sixty, whose silvery hair was the only external premonition of advancing age. When the glad spring sun of 1861 was tinting the surface of his beloved river with every hue of the rainbow, who had a greater right to say: "The Lord has prospered me

For thirty years he had sailed the lakes as captain of his own ships. Before "the pesky railroads," as he expressed it, had "dropped the bottom out of freights," he had made money "hand over fist," and while yet enjoying the vigor of manhood, had settled down to retirement in a sailor's Elysium-a well-stocked farmhouse, where he could sit on his own stoop and watch the vessels glide by and the ever-changing beauty of the lordly river. But he had bigger treasures than bank stocks, broad acres and shares in shipshis wife, Martha, who was the sweetest, been proof against every indulgence; and his son, Harry, four years older than his darling daughter, who had never given him an hour's anxiety, but had been studiously inclined, had taken a fair degree at college, and was now occupying a well-paid position as teacher in the public schools of

a distant city. Moreover, during that winter his home had been brightened by the visit of a radiant girl, Kate Frobisham, the daughter of a distant relative of his wife, who had married a Southern gentleman living in the Shenandoah valley, and the old sailor had learned to love the beautiful young Virginhim when he learned that she had promised to become his son's wife.

But lightning came out of a clear sky and struck the Winthrop homestead-as it did the whole fair land, which had for years been basking in the sunshine of prosperity. Fort Sumter had surrendered, and the terrible war of secession was a reality. An American of Americans, coming of an

old Puritan stock of New England, Daniel Winthrop's heart was aflame with honest

Thus, one day in spring, just as the big ice barriers of winter had been swept away | forted him: neither his wife nor daughter and the glorious waters of his loved river, rejoicing to be free, were once more rolling in their accustomed grandeur, Daniel Winthrop sat in the "best room" of his farm-

house in council with his women folk. In his hand he held a letter, which a boy had brought from a neighboring post-office. "Yes," he said, in reply to the appealing looks of the ladies, as he hastily skimmed enough. Don't take on about it, mother; do when his country calls on him; he's-!'

white as her snowy apron. "That is just what the high-spirited lad has done, God bless him!" the farmer chuckled. "Pshaw! Martha, I am astonished at you. What is there to whimper about? It won't take more than a month or strength, with a frank expression in his two to bring these stubborn rebs to their

He paused abruptly, for Kate Frobisham was standing before him with flashing eyes | in a long day's march. But the old man

knees, and then-"

and heaving bosom. "Captain Winthrop," she said, speaking more calmly for her suppressed passion, "let me retire before you have said what would make me forget all your kindness. This night I leave your house to return to | speak. my own people; do not make my parting more bitter than is necessary."

"Why, God bless my life," Winthrop stammered, "you don't mean to say that you are at heart a rebel-you, a gentle, lovable girl not six months out of school! The thing is preposterous."

"I am a Southerner," Kate said, quietly, "and I never was so proud of the land of my birth as I am at this moment. The meanest trooper in my brother's regiment

is, in my eyes, a hero." "And Harry; my boy, Harry!" the father

pleaded. "Is no more to me, Captain Winthrop, than any other of the band of marauders whose ranks he has joined."

"Oh, Kate!" Nell sobbingly reproached, "and he loves you so!" "And I loved him, Nell. Ah, God knows

how I loved him," the girl acknowledged, with tremulous lips. "Then, surely you will-"

"Never of my own accord set eyes on him again. It is my one hope that I may first blush of dawn, flashing scarlet streaks be able to forget his cruelty and mourn for him as one who is dead." "Hush, child, hush!" Martha Winthrop

interposed; "you do not know what you are "Ave," added the Captain, soothingly.

"Do not say in haste, lass, what you will repent of at leisure. And, as for your going home, that is a matter which-

"Is all provided for, sir."

"Eh, how so?" There was a flush of indignant surprise as him to believe that the girl he had thought worthy to be Harry's wife had deliberately laid her plans to return home without vouchsafing a word of explanation to his who rides behind him-so young that he

"A friend leaves for Cincinnati to-night | alry saddle. who will give me his protection thus far; there some of my own people will meet me," Kate replied, with assumed indifference, while at heart the proud girl was ready to fling herself at the old man's feet and con- death of the life we are leading. I came to fess the anguish these words cost her.

Ere Katie's lips framed the reply she cast a little apologetic look at Mrs. Win-throp and Nell, for the consciousness was strong within her that the revelation would cost her their sympathy.

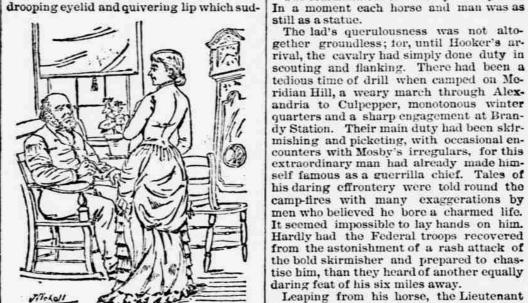
"Mr. Lecroix," she stammered, "has offered—that is I have asked him—in fact—' Winthrop broke in on her confusion. "Alphonse Lecroix!" he exclaimed, while a start of pained surprise showed his wife's

and daughter's dismay. " And why not?" Kate asked, with wellfeigned calmness. "Why not Mr. Lecroix?" The question was too much for the old sailor, who rose abruptly and said, with as much of a sneer as he could assume, for the good-natured Captain was not strong in

"So be it, then. It is natural that birds of a feather should flock together; but I little thought, Miss Frobisham, that I should ever be glad to-"

He colored crimson and paused, for after all the girl was his guest. "To get rid of me!" Kate suggested, with

apparently unstrained composure. The Captain disdained reply and left the room, almost rudely ignoring the hand she held out to him. Had he noticed the



"AND WHY NOT?" KATE ASKED.

denly betrayed her deep emotion he might, by a kind word, have opened the floodgates of her emotion, but he was blind to every thing, and burned with a mad rage at the wrong she had done his boy Harry. The wrong done his boy Harry! Aye,

she should cleave to her own kin and be true to the associations of her childhoodnay, the Captain could even forgive her treason to the Union; for women, he argued, are emotional creatures, and "always side with the under-dog in the fight"-but that she should turn from him and his to the proand my cup is full of joy," than Damel Wintection of Alphonse Lecroix was an outrage peyond his powers of silent endurance. Alphonse Lecroix! He detested this Al-

phonse Lecroix with an aversion which knew no bounds of reason; not that he had. when he came to analyse the situation, any just grounds for such strong antipathy against the young man, but he blindly based his contempt for him on general principles.

Alphonse Lecroix, who was stirring such a torrent of animosity in the Captain's heart, was a young French Canadian, residing in a neighboring village across the river, possessed of a small fortune which he had inherited from a penurious father.' simplest helpmate that ever made sunshine | Fortune had been fairly generous to him. in a man's home; his daughter, Nell, just and nature had been more than prodigal in twenty years old, whom he had done his her favors. His was the ideal of a schoolbest to spoil, but whose gentle nature had girl's type of manly beauty-black, curly hair; large, luminous dark eyes; regular features; teeth, which a Duchess might have the rescue. Mosby's men, as usual, when envied; a soft, musical voice; a tender, sympathetic manner with women, and a lithe, active figure, whose every movement was grace itself.

Then, his doting father had given him a college education, and, though his accomplishments were of the veriest veneer, he had acquired the art of making the most of the little he had learned-surely not such an objectionable personage after all. But his volatile manner clashed with Daniel Winthrop's staid views of life, and in the best of times, when Lecroix had been adian maider, who became especially dear to | mitted at the Orchard House as a frequent guest, he had set him down as a "frivolous jackanapes:" but when the young man let slip indiscreet expressions of sympathy for the seceeders and evinced a too warm anpreciation of Miss Frobisham's society, his wrath knew no bounds, and he had ordered his women-friends to close the door on "the infernal young copperhead."

Therefore, when from his retreat in the pilot-house he saw the Frenchman drive to his door and bear away the young lady, he might be forgiven the storm of imprecations which rose to his lips. One thing comappeared on the threshold to bid God-speed to the departing guest.

And Harry was coming home that night, too. How could he meet his boy with this tale of sorrow? He would rather face the worst storm that ever raged on Lake Michigan than tell the poor lad that the girl he loved had been false to him.

Nevertheless, in the gloam of the evening its contents; "it is from Harry, sure he went forth to meet his boy, intercepting him in the big meadow, where years ago he but he's done just what a Winthrop should had taught him to fly his kite and shoot reed birds. As the buggy approached, he "Not enlisted!" Martha gasped, her face | stopped the driver and said:

"Get down, Harry, and walk with me to the house. I have something to say to

Well might the father be proud of such a son-tall, erect, the picture of animal handsome face which would be his passport wherever he went. Harry Winthrop was as fine a young fellow as you would meet with shrank from the blow he was about to in- | side his captive.

For a time they walked arm in arm in silence. The Captain found it so hard to standing around him, of a lady-aye, of "Harry, boy," at last he gasped, "I have bad news for you-Kate Frobisham-you'll

bear it like a man-she has-" "Yes, I know, dear old dad, she has gone "But do you know with whom she has

gone f"the Captain asked, in surprised anx-"Yes, she wrote and told me she was go-

ing with Lecroix. It seems as if she had given me up, doesn't it, dad?" "And you, my boy," the old man said, with lips tremulous with emotion, "have you the courage to show the girl that

"Trust in her to the last. Why, of course I have. Do I not love her, dad?"

CHAPTER II. THE CLANG OF ARMS.

vou-

What fairer sight on earth is there than the rich valleys and blue mountains of Northern Virginia, when the golden sun | the Johnny Rebs; that's all. Rouse yourspreads his mantle of glory over them in the across the opal sky! It is to such a scene that I must transport

the reader. The haze of the departing mists of night troop of cavalry under charge of a Lieutenant creeps cautiously, in Indian file, down the uncertain pathway formed by what in | tuck him up so tenderly. winter is a torrent and is now a rugged

strip of sand and pebbles winding down the

he asked the question, for it was hard for Winthrop as the leading figure in the line can't lift your big carcass on to the horse, He is at this moment turning in the sad-

dle and in low tones addressing a youth was more fit for a school-desk than a cay-"Grey," Harry is saying, anxiously,

"what ails you this morning! Are you sick? "Yes," is the petulant reply; "sick to

gether and make an effort." fight, not to sneak around the country all "Who, in the name of goodness, is taking day long feeling the way for men who will you to Cincinnaut" the old man thundered. | have all the glory of the battle, with the | yearly.

blessed chance of being popped off by one of Mosby's men at any moment.

"You'll have fighting enough before you are through, you young idiot," Harry said, sternly, but there was a kindly gleam in his eye, for Gordon Grey had been one of his pupils, and when the lad had run away and enlisted he had promised his heart-broken mother that he would look after her boy. "We've been so long doing nothing,"

the boy complained. "What! with Bull Run, and-" Gordon Grey interrupted him with a bitter laugh

"Aye, there was fun enough in running away. I wonder how your father swallowed that nauseous dose, Harry." "Oh, Nell wrote me that he was pretty wild over it; volunteered to shoulder a musket, and drove mother into fits of despair by his martial ardor, but luckily for the peace of the family his age was against him, and he still has to stop at home and take care of the women." "While we play hide and seek on these wild mountains with Mosby's fellows. This

is not war: it is-" "Silence in the ranks! Halt!" The command cut off the boy's complaint.

still as a statue. The lad's querulousness was not altogether groundless; for, until Hooker's arrival, the cavalry had simply done duty in scouting and flanking. There had been a tedious time of drill when camped on Meridian Hill, a weary march through Alexandria to Culpepper, monotonous winter quarters and a sharp engagement at Brandy Station. Their main duty had been skirmishing and picketing, with occasional encounters with Mosby's irregulars, for this extraordinary man had already made himself famous as a guerrilla chief. Tales of his daring effrontery were told round the camp-fires with many exaggerations by men who believed he bore a charmed life. It seemed impossible to lay hands on him. Hardly had the Federal troops recovered the bold skirmisher and prepared to chastise him, than they heard of another equally daring feat of his six miles away.

Leaping from his horse, the Lieutenant beckoned Harry to follow him on foot to a cluster of trees from whose shelter they could command a view of the valley beneath

What a sight met their gaze. A score of Moseby's men were fastening long wires to the rails of the Manassas railroad, which they had detached from the sleepers. Their there was the rub. It was but natural that object was apparent at a glance. Already in the distance could be heard the lumbering sound of an approaching supply train, and, even as Harry looked, the Confederates had hidden in the neighboring bushes, wires in hand, ready for the derailing of the cars. "Quick!" whispered Lieutenant Barclay.

"Send a trooper back to the command; "for, if our fellows charge up the valley, they will bag the lot of them. In a minute, at Harry's bidding, Gordon Grey was dashing at headlong speed over

the broken path. Meanwhile the heavy train crept nearer to the fatal ambush. No need for concealment now. Though the leader knew that the woods were full of foes, the gallant little band rode recklessly down into the valley, but ere they could reach the scene of the disaster the doomed engine was flung from the rails, and the enemy was swarming over the broken cars, so intent on the work of plunder that they hardly noticed the charge of the little troop of heroes, foremost of whom was Harry Winthrop. It was an unequal contest and could have

ut one end a squadron of cavalry came thundering to outnumbered, fled to the woods with the Federal troopers hard at their heels. One man of them, who had been a leading spirit at the train-wrecking, separated himself valley; and burying his spurs in his horse's flanks Harry Winthrop sped after him. Both pursuer and pursued were well-mounted, and nearly two miles were passed without any perceptible lessening or increasing difference of the hundred yards which separated them. Over and over again Harry could have brought the fleeing enemy down with his carbine, but he saw that the man had fired his last round of ammunition and was defenseless but for his sword, and he chivalrously resolved to trust to his skill and strength to capture him on equal terms. And fortune favored him; for the Confederate's horse stumbled and fell, and in a minute the young Northerner had his hand on the throat and his knee on the chest of his prostrate enemy. But his triumph was only momentary. How or whence the blow came which struck him to the earth he never knew, there was



QUICK!" WHISPERED LIEUTENANT BARCLAY. a dull thud, an intense pain as though his only noticed the pallor in his boy's face and | head was bursting, and he fell senseless be-

> The rest seemed to him like a dream. He had a blurred vision of a group of men and bathing his brow, and then he relapsed into unconsciousness only to find himself lying on the roadside with his head resting on the arm of Gordon Grey. "Thank Heaven, he is not dead." Grev

muttered, with a fervor which showed the strength of his attachment. Harry's blue eyes gazed into the lad's face

wearily. "Kate," he murmured, in a faint whisper. "Where is Kate!"

"The Lord above only knows where Kate is," the lad replied, in comical dismay; "but if her presence would do you any good I wish with all my heart she was here." Then, seeing that his eyes were closingagain, he added, eagerly: "See here, pull yourself together."

" But Kate-"Nonsense, old boy; there's no Kate here. You've had a crack on the head from for we are a good three miles from camp, and - by Jove!" he broke off in a soiiloquy, "It is singular, though, there's his horse tied to a fence close by, his accoutrements and arms untouched, and himself deucedly gentlemanly of those fellows to knock the life out of the poor chap and then

"Tell Kate to come once more-only once -I want-" "There he goes off in his delirium again! shooting if we fool around here much

longer. "Go! Leave me, boy," Harry moaned. "Your mother-I promised-fly while you have the chance." "Only with you, old man; so, if you don't want to see this dear youth in the hands of the Philistines, you'll just shake yourself to-

ITO BE CONTINUED.

ABOUT 5,000,000 pine-apples are imported

TAXING THE NEEDY.

Some More Light Thrown on the Iniquities of the Allison Bill. The more the Allison bill, now under consideration in the Senate, is examined, the plainer becomes its purpose to reduce the taxes of the rich and

to increase the taxes of the poor. the tax on fine pen-knives was reduced from 50 per cent. to 36 per cent., while the tax on the cheap Congress knife would be increased from 50 per cent. to 93.

In guns the same rule has been applied. Section 177 reads as follows: "All double-barreled, sport ng breech-loading shotguns, ten dollars each and 25 per cent. ad valorem.

Double-barreled shotguns costing \$5 abroad are to pay an import tax of \$11.25, or on twenty guns costing \$100 a tax of \$225.

But take a fine shotgun, such as the rich buy, costing \$100; the tax will be only \$35. Thus, twenty poor men buying shotguns valued at just what one rich man's gun is valued at, are taxed in the aggregate \$225, while the rich man is let off with a tax of \$35.

Because at Syracuse, N. Y., are three firms making cheap shotguns, and they want to have a prohibitory tax put on that grade. As the Senate as now constituted exists only to record the edicts of the manufacturer, Allison draws the bill that is to draw the blood.

The same principle runs all through this infamous bill. The common from the astonishment of a rash attack of things of life, the articles needed by the poor-building materials, household articles, fencing, farming implements-are taxed doubly, and the Allison bill is drawn for the purpose of reducing the revenues by increasing the rate of taxation.

Senator Vance illustrated the methods adopted when, in discussing the proposition to take macaroni from the existing free list and taxing it at the rate of two cents a pound, he said he had one day last summer peeped into the room of the Finance Committee, where he found a "chipper Dutchman" telling the sub-committee what he knew about macaroni, and who said he had been making macaroni in Cincinnati under the impression that there was a duty imposed upon it, and had been doing very well, but he "couldn't believe his eyes" when he read recently that it was on the free list. He wanted a duty on it of three cents per pound. Mr. Vance read some amusing extracts from the testimony of this witness. One of the strong points made by Mr. Vance was the pleading of the witness that the duty would be a very small thing for the public, but that "it would be a big thing for us." He commended this point in political economy to the Senator from Connecticut (Mr. Hawley), as it sustained that Senator's argument the day before

It seems to the Republican members from the rest and boldly rode down the of Congress a little thing to tax the people one cent a head on salt, and two cents a head on cotton ties, and a cent a head on macaroni, and one dollar a head on pig iron, and fifty cents a head on steel rails, but in the aggregate the burden is something enormous, and, though the Republicans do not see the danger ahead, they are doing just the things which may precipitate in the next four years an industrial revolution which will destroy the whole system of legalized robbery, root and branch.

Every proposition made by the Democrats to lower these taxes of the poor is rejected by the unanimous vote of the Republicans. Every attempt to remove the absurdities and inequalities of the tariff is opposed by the united Republicans. But when Mr. Allison, now the spokesman of the trusts and monopolists, proposes an amendment still further to grind the faces of the poor, he is supported by the unanimous Republican vote.-Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE RACE QUESTION.

Some Good Advice for Mr. Harrison and His Putative Advisers.

It has been given out by Colonel Harrison intended to make the "Southern question" prominent, and Post-Dispatch. would so settle it that justice would be done the colored people. How Mr. Harrison will make it "prominent," or how he will do justice to the negroes, is not definitely stated. By the Southern question is presumably meant the alleged suppression of the negro vote. Whether the new President Kate Frobisham herself-bending over him | will resort to military governments, or to returning boards, or to a Presidential commission, is not known, but if he will recur to the not very distant past he will find that all those experiments were tried and found to be ineffective in bringing the whites and black of the Southern States into political equality. It was found that there must be either white domination or negro domination, and seven years of the latter satisfied the people of the United States on that score for all time to come. It was at last the North that demanded that military and Harry, old fellow, this won't do. Try and negro rule in the South should cease, and Hayes in carrying it out only

Meantime if Mr. Harrison thinks he self, man, and let me get you on your horse, has a mission to cure the ills incident of a discharge was given to 250 workyet lingers in the lowland, while a small laid carefully out on this mossy bank. It is people and its politicians. He the election.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch. It is not difficult to recogn e Henry See here, Harry, we must get away. I he can find out precisely how much tariff for the purpose of still further servable in the foreheads of most artgobble us up as sure as per head they cost. A thorough course enriching pampered monopolists will ists, and especially in that of Michael you, but I use my second husband's of Indiana investigation might at least | fire the prepare him for his Southern experi- public. ment. Without some such prior prac-Herald.

AN ODD INDIVIDUAL

New York Veteran's Commendable Views on the Pension Question. One turns up very queer characters quite unexpectedly in a big city like New York. Here was one that a reporter ran across. He is a cab driver, Richelieu, "would be considered bad who, in accepting a Christmas gift of waiting in another. Indeed, men who Recently we showed by what device a small coin, said: "No, sir; I won't smoke with it, but it will come in handy just the same. I was laid off five days last week. I have a trouble that one doctor says comes from a wound I got before Richmond, and that another doctor says the wound has nothing to do with. I suppose there are plenty getting pensions for less than that, but I won't take one. Oh, yes, I could get one. Congressman -- and Lawyer -- have both been kind enough to say they would get me one, but, you see, I would have to make oath that my trouble is due to my wound, and that I can not do conscientiously, for I'm not sure it's true. A man must have some honor about

him. "I never belonged to the Grand Army. I never joined, because it seemed to me that when we quit fighting and laid down our arms we ought to bury differences, instead of keeping hem alive as the Grand Army does. The moment the war was over soldiering against the South should have stopped. I'm a Republican, but I'll admit that President Cleveland did more to end the differences between the two parts of the country than any other man, and now we're going to have another President who will do still more.

"Better take a pension? No, sir. The country has been disgraced by the way the pension business has been overdone. It's a bad thing for men who don't deserve pensions to be able to get them by means of political influence. It robs the deserving soldier to have to dilute a nation's gratitude with fraud like that. There was some talk of a bill to give every ex-soldier bension. Well, I ll take that money f it ever comes, for I served through the phole war, and I need the money, but I'll take no money on a false oath."-N. Y. Sun.

SHERMAN ON COMBINES.

Another Self-Contradiction in the Ohio Man's Political Career. No living Senator has formulated ounder principles of legislation or oosed oftener as the defender of such orinciples than John Sherman. But o principle has ever hampered him when a personal or party exigency

eemed to suggest a flop. During the canvass he denounced rusts, denied that protection was for trade combinations to put up prices, and declared that all such combinations "ought to be met by a reduction of duty." But as soon as the Senate took up its tariff bill Mr. Sherman

backed down from these doctrines. Plumb, of Kansas, offered an amendment reducing the present duty of \$28 a ton on steel and iron beams, girders and other structural forms to \$17.92 instead of \$24.64 as proposed by the Senate substitute. Plumb showed that any higher protection than that proposed by him would enable the structural iron and steel combine to fix prices at extortionate rates and keep competition crushed as has been done already with such immense profit to Carnegie and other members of the combine. Whereupon Aldrich gave notice that any such reduction would be the death of the Senate's bill. Its friends would stand no such attack on trusts and combinations to put up prices.

Instead of standing by his own principles and supporting Plumb's motion, Senator Sherman coolly flopped. Instead of holding that "combinations may and ought to be met by a reduction of duty," he coolly asserted that the best way to crush them was by giving them more power and more protection. This, he said, would encourage others to enter the business

until competition put down prices. The idea of encouraging competition by protecting and aiding combinations formed for the purpose of crushing and absorbing competition is not onl absurd in the light of current history, Quay, the present master and leader but it adds another startling self-con- ening her constitution. His plan sucof the Republican party, that General tradiction to the long list in Senator | ceeded. Miss Hosmer is as rosy and Sherman's political record.—St. Louis | vigorous as she is genial and suave.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

-A loud cry of "Give Harrison a rest" is heard throughout the broad land, but the noble army of officeseekers claim they did not elect him to

rest.—N. Y. Herald. -- The "surplus" that is now giving General Harrison the most trouble is the "surplus" of candidates for office. There is more of a demand than can

be met.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. -It is a great comfort to the Western farmer to have a Republican newspaper explain his mortgages. If explanations were cancellations, the unfortunate farmer would soon be on the road to permanent prosperity .-Louisville Courier-Journal.

---General Harrison is said to be thinking of appointing Mahone to a Cabinet position. Mahone would cerof Southern Republicanism, but it isn't | "Puck." More than thirty replicas obeyed the command of the people of at all complimentary to Southern Republicanism to say so. -Boston Globe.

--- A Christmas present in the form knows that State pretty thoroughly, army of tariff school graduates since 1865, he paying the artist for it \$5,000.

tice the chances are that he will find coincidence that Ellis Phelan, an ex- vivacious, refined and humorous. Her himself in a maze of difficulties before | Confederate soldier, was elected judge | shapely little hands are alive with | lieve in progressive marriage. I will he gets half way into the Southern of probate in Waterbury, Conn.. at the energy. She speaks with the correct send you cards to my wedding reunion. question. He would better make the last election, and on the same day a accent which foreign residence has Good-bye, dear."—Detroit Free Press. "Indiana question" prominent first. Union veteran was chosen a member preserved from American corruption. Then with what stomach he has left of the Alabama Legislature in the same Her gray hair is gathered into a thick he can turn Southward.—Chicago district where Phelan formerly lived. net tied at the top with a dark ess of learning and unlearning; but it -Detroit Free Press.

WAITERS AND WAITING.

The Difference in Hotel, Restaurant and Tea-Party Work. "What would be deemed excelent

service in one class of establishments," give good satisfaction in one branch would be wholly inadequate in another branch of the same establishment. Hotel waiting is one thing; restaurant waiting, quite another; and that required in catering, different still. I think hotel waiting is the easiest; that required in the American restaurant is doubtless the hardest. In hotel service every thing is what we may call straight. There is not the rush and confusion that is incident to restaurant waiting. The waiter is not so hurried,

"In many of our popular restaurants from noon to two p. m. there is a perfect jam. The stores pour out their employes, and they all want their lunch ferent. There are admirable French at the same time; and, be it said to the credit of the waiters, it is a marvel that there are so few mistakes in or- the plastic art of the centuries. The ders and so little breakage of crockery. In hotels there is a more leisurely class of patronage. Fewer foibles are displayed, there is not the clamor for haste, and the waiter has breathing une. time, so to speak. In many big restaurants, where somebody is waiting to seize upon every chair vacated, it is necessary for the waiters to lay off every little while for a rest. This is never the case in hotels.

and hence his liability to make mis-

takes or to be reckless is not so great.

"So far as special qualifications reis all the difference in the world between different establishments. In and French names are printed on the bills of fare a knowledge of French is requisite. When a guest points to a name on the card and asks what it means the waiter can't go back to the cook to find out. Without some knowledge of French he would probably have to run back and forth half a dozen times, before finally getting his order. There are dozens of points peculiar to individual establishments that the average guest wants explained to him, and as a rule the better the house the higher the qualifications of the waiter required, not only in point of skill, but also of education."

"What is the hardest class of wait-

"Undoubtedly popular tea parties, where the guests do not sit down to eat but take a standing lunch in a room, the doors of which are thrown open at a given hour. The room is usually packed till it is almost impossible to edge one's way through the carry viands and coffee, without colliding with the guests-no easy thing, as spilt on a silk dress would be a catastrophe both to the waiter and to the house doing the catering. Of course the waiter is regarded on such occasions as the next thing to a nonentity, and a legitimate assertion of his rights would be taken as pomposity and be summarily reproved. In such parties skill, next to that of an acrobat, is necessary on the part of the waiter, and guests are, as a rule, too slow to recognize his difficulties. An accident on the part of a host in carving or serving viands would be laughed off or not observed at all, while the same slip would be little short of unpardonable in a waiter. 'Oh, my dress;' 'look out, young man;' 'what are you trying to do?' are exclamations frequently heard at tea parties; and all the time the crowd keeps surging in. Yards of fluffy skirts are cast about the waiter's feet or a jeweled hand jostles his elbow at the same time that the exclamation is uttered."-Chicago News.

MISS HARRIET HOSMER.

The Most Distinguished Representative of Her Sex in Sculpture.

Miss Hosmer was born in Watertown, Mass., in 1833. Her father was a well-known physician, who, having lost wife and daughter by consumption, required his surviving daughter to live in the open air in the hope of strength-Her father builded better than he knew. In a clay-pit near their home she spent many hours amusing herself modeling animals and shaping in the docile medium any thing that pleased her fancy. She then studied anatomy the interior of Labrador is about 2,240 with her father, who appreciated her gifts, and her anatomical drawings were notable for precision before she placid streams, and when these had been inside a school-room. At sixteen she was sent to Mrs. Sedgwick's they commence their wild career school. Thence she went to the studio to the sea. The Moisie and the Coldof Stephenson in Boston. Friends in St. Louis becoming interested in her talents she proceeded West and entered the medical college of that city to perfect herself in anatomy. She remained until she received a diploma. In 1851 Miss Hosmer modeled her first ideal, "Hesper," and the following year went to Rome, where she entered the studio of Gibson. Her taste led her into classic precincts, and her earliest were a "Daphne," a "Medusa" and an tainly be a pretty correct representative "Enone." In 1855 she modeled a 2,000 feet. have been ordered. One is in the possession of the Prince of Wales, Mr. John G. Shortall has one. He has also a replica of the "Sleeping Faun," to illegal and fraudulent local elections men by the Pottstown Iron Company the original of which was bought by the Herald would advise him to try his of Pennsylvania. There have been a Sir Benjamin Guinness, the Irish apprentice hand on Indiana. He great many additions to the grand brewer, at the Dublin exhibition of

Miss Hosmer has lived abroad the could therefore go roundly to work --- Popular enthusiasm can not be best part of more than thirty years; with them. He knows the men, or can aroused by an appeal for a five per cent. but she is American, as essentially so easily be introduced to them, who reduction of outrageously discriminat- as if she had never crossed the water. handled the "blocks of five," and with ing taxes, but the demand for a tariff She is small in feature, with that high but a very little turning of the screw for public purposes only as against a curve of the eyebrows which is ob-Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci. Her name as prefix." eyes are a sparkling blue, her nose is -It has been noted as a strange tiny and concave, her mouth is small, Brown." blue ribbon. Her manners are is often wiser to unlearn than to learn.

modest, womanly, and animated. She recalls that not so many years ago, "but before Chicago indicated just what it was going to be," a friend of hers consulted another about said Mr. Hugo Ziemann at the Hotel investing \$12,000 in land here. There was a divided opinion about the prudence of the step. The investment was timidly made, and the fortunate investor has been rendered comfortable for life by it.

"If you were asked by a young American intending to study art abroad whether he or she would go, what would be your answer?"

"If sculpture, to Rome; if painting, to Paris. The painting schools in Rome are not and have not for many years been as good as those of France. We may not wholly like the French taste, the tendency to realism, the poverty of ideal elevation. But in technique, in every thing that makes the artist adept in his art, in the science of painting, Paris is the school of the world. In sculpture it is difsculptors, of course, and a few great ones. But Rome is the depository of museums, the galleries, the private homes are full of superb examples which are in themselves teachers and models of sculpture."-Chicago Trib-

MIGHTIER THAN NIAGARA.

Strange Stories of a Wonderful Cataract

in the Wilds of Labradon Marvelous stories are related by the few Montagnais and Nascapee Indians who have penetrated far into the inquired of waiters are concerned, there terior of Labrador respecting a cataract, beneath whose terrific leap Niagara pales into insignificance. places where French dishes are served But one white man has ever seen these falls, and the Indians' ideas of measurements and distances are so imperfect that, even where their stories agree, it is exceedingly difficult to deduct from them any thing like reliable data. An expedition lately undertaken by Randle F. Holme, F. R. G. S., and H. Duff, fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, to explore the interior of Labrador and investigate these falls unfortunately failed in its object, the explorers having been misled by erroneous calculations as to distances and the exact location of the cataract, and compeled to return in consequence of running short of provisions. They got so near to the object of their expedition, however, that they were enabled, from the general configuration of the country, to form what must be a tolerably correct estimate as to both the location and

magnitude of the cataract. This estimate agrees with the description of the grand falls furnished crowd. Yet waiters are expected to by Maclean, who visited them in 1839, and whose further progress into the nterior was stopped by them. He you can imagine. A cup of coffee gave the width of the river immediately above the falls at 1,500 feet, but says that the cataract itself is not more than 150 feet across. The height of the falls he estimates at 2,000 feet. This estimate is endorsed by a half breed named Kennedy, met by Messrs. Home and Duff in the interior, and who, thirty years ago, was in charge of Fort Nascapee, on Lake Petchikapou. One of the chief difficulties encountered by explorers desirous of reaching the falls is the obstinate refusal by the Labrador Indians to approach them. They believe them to be haunted, and think it impossible to look upon them and live. Kennedy was conducted to them by an old Indian named Louis-Over-the-Fire, who, being an Iroquois, did not share the superstitious belief of the Montagnais and Nascapees. Messrs. Holme and Duff were principally misled by the erroneous statements and calculations as to distances contained in Prof. Hind's "Labrador," the leading authority upon this virtually unknown

country. The falls are on the Grand or Petchikapou river, which flows into Hamilton Inlet. They are thirty miles above Lake Waminikapou, a body of water which is itself forty miles long, and situated 150 miles inland from the mouth of the river. Prof. Hind gives this lake as only 100 miles from the mouth of the river, so that the expedition of Messrs. Holme and Duff has brought to light the fact that the best works heretofore published upon this terra incognita contain any thing but reliable data. They agree, however, with Prof. Hind that the elevation of the immense tableland which forms feet. On this height of land are a succession of great lakes joined by broad. reach the edge of the tableland water rivers descend by successive falls, but toward the southeast the descent from the elevated tableland is quite sudden. This is particularly true of the Grand river, which has a drop of over 2,000 feet in the thirty miles commencing with the falls and ending at Lake Waminikapou. There is a slight rapid below the falls, but none near the lake, and every thing goes to show that the height of the grand falls is very little, if any thing, short of

They are by a great deal the highest falls in existence that are composed of any great volume of water. There are mere mountain torrents that fall from a greater height, and the great fall of the Yosemite Valley measures 2,550 feet, but it is broken into three distinct leaps. Niagara, on the other hand, has a height of 164 feet only .-

Quebec Cor. Boston Herald. Marriage a Success.

"How do you do, dear Mrs. Jones?" "Mrs. Smith-Brown, if you please.

A week later-"Dear Mrs. Smith-"Excuse me, Brown-White. I be-

-Life consists in the alternate proc-